

Feb. 4, 1864.
 Their Number, 10.
 Church-School
 Line-Office,
 and Letter-Box.
 Register-Office,
 and Letter-Box.

knowing that you
 paper, take a
 freedom of New
 trusting they may
 the care of him.
 In the city of New
 residents there,
 learn, on consi-
 about twelve
 occupation of the
 number has in-
 original; so that
 of the
 of the
 less than thirty.

Of their intelli-
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 whom have been
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 city. St. James,
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 an invitation to
 Rogers, the Sec-
 of the colored
 colored gentle-
 if Mr. Douglas
 as is
 in this country.
 being enabled to
 among the col-
 will turn out to
 and glorious re-

to the Editor of the Liberator:
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His attention was then, after a lapse of upwards
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 Stephen. The grounds of their opposition to the
 movement were more technical than real, viz: that
 the apprenticeship system was not only wrong in prin-
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 cruel than the undisguised slavery it superseded.

He had warned the country of the failure of that
 system, and predicted that the friends would have
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WARD JACKSON, and WILLIAM L. GARRISON, JR.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 10.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1864.

WHOLE NO. 1726.

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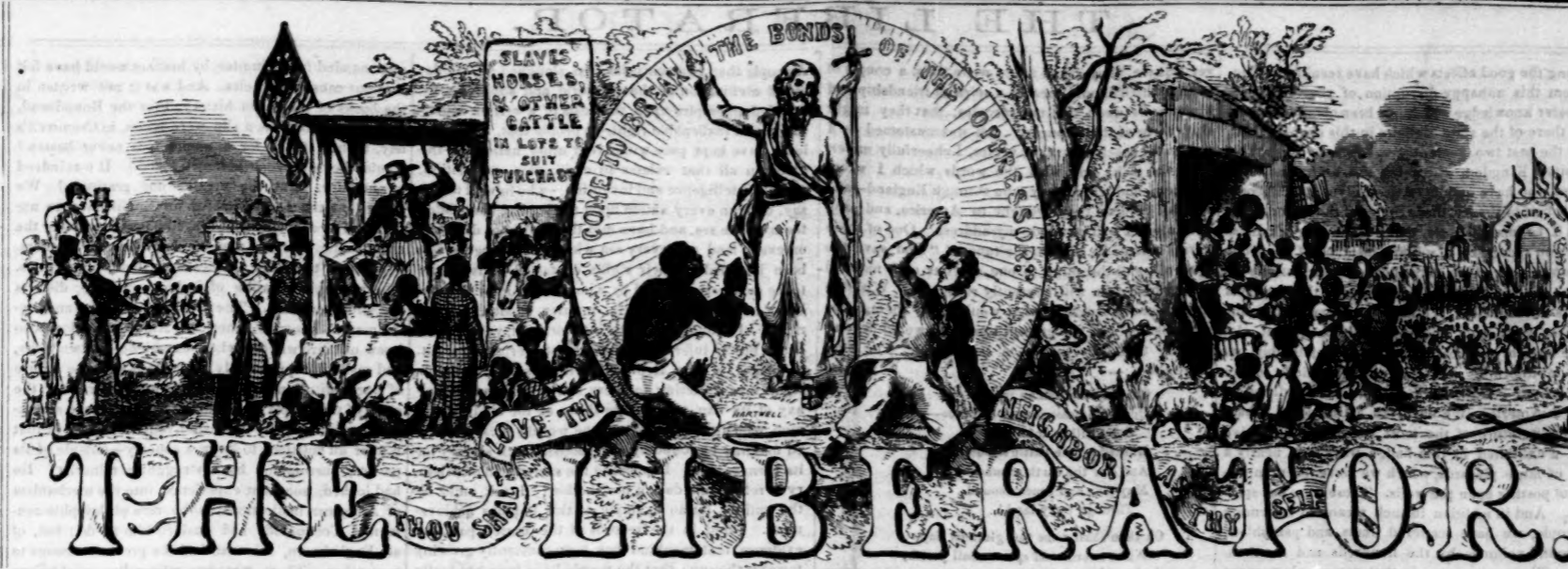
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received a large circulation in the columns of the

Patriot newspaper, the organ of the Evangelical

Disenters.

In the same year, 1836, the Rev. R. J. Breckin-

ridge, of Kentucky, came to this country, and sought

to divert attention from his own pro-slavery propen-

sities by the customary red-herring attempts to black-

en the reputation of Mr. Garrison and his co-labor-

ers. Mr. Thompson immediately challenged the li-

beler in a public discussion as to the truth of his

statements, which challenge was accepted; and the

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[illegible]

Poetry.

TO THE NATIONS OVER THE SEA.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

"What is the cause of the strife?" thought the nations
over the sea;
"The North and the South are children, that quarrel over
their tea;
The South, with her fiery spirit, is only getting the
crosser
At hearing the North protest that the cup belongs with
the saucer.
"What is the cause of the strife?" thought the nations
over the sea:
"They are in lack of wisdom, not agreeing to disagree;
Always at antipodes, of years of picking and hunting,
They go to battle at last over a simple piece of hunting.
"Or some other trivial thing at the bottom of this pa-
rade,
This glitter and glance of steel, and this roaring of can-
nonade;
Perhaps 'tis a Southern pen, that across the one word
'Union'
Indites a political creed abrogating close communion.
"Or, rather, a feud arising from vanities of the civil mouth;
The 'shovel' of the North 'gainst the 'chivalry' of the
South;
Or a schism that starts its line from municipal institution;
Or different interpretations of the letter of Constitution.
"If these are the points of strife," said the nations over
the sea,
"We have a lot in the matter—for elder children are we;
The duty becomes incumbent to shorten the long conten-
tion;
Our part assigned in the drama is the business of inter-
vention."

Have you guessed the cause of the strife, sister nations
over the sea?
Have you caught a glimpse of Jehovah, and His lightning-
written decree,
Glaring clear in the cloudy dun,—from the battle-smoke
out-flashing?
Have you heard the voice of the Judge, over all the can-
non's crashing?
We're fighting to make them real—mock-excellencies of
the past;
Heart-sick of hypocrisy's badge, we are goaded to battle at
last;
Here's one of our virtuous tokens—our starred tri-color;
We take it,
And rather than live as we, we will die for what we can
make it.

In the easy days and the peaceful, could we wave that flag
in the face
Of a single nation on earth, without feeling a pang of dis-
grace?
Oh, give us the pain and the loss, and the carnage that
convulses,
With sincerity at the core, throbbing deep in Northern
pulses!
Whatever the monarchies were, of the strife's incipient
stage,
Of the tides that struck the fire of our soul's sublimest
rage,
Whatever the cavillings are of our elders or our better,
The arm of the North was never by the clanking of
Southern fetters.

Our hickories for a trifle the world may over-state;
Our patriot love at the centre may suffer under-state;
Not patriotism cheap, that stops at one's own nation,
But patriotism grand, that spheres a world's salvation.
Is it the people's doubt,—an idea too grand for the hour,
That our Northern sons are heroes for principle, not for
power?
Was the thought too large for a man, or even too great for
a nation,
To flash out sabre and gun in the cause of emancipation?
FIREWORK, the truest and quickest, sprang out on Liberty's
track,
And Lincoln, slow but firmly, and never faltering back,
And his tardy hand reached forward,—dear hand,—to re-
lieve the lowly,
And we love his lips for the words, that seemed to come
too slowly.

Could you see our noble brother take his place in the
battle's van,
Not willing to live as a chattel, but ready to die as a man;
Could you see our Africa bare her scarred breast to the
sword and rifle,
Wouldn't you say at the rest of the matter there was
something more than a trifle?
Wouldn't you say that the federal blood mirrored Jesus in
every drop,
When it rose in a throb of passion, that the bondman's
we might stop?
Wouldn't you say that the federal hand touched the nail-
pierced hand of another,
When it dripped its generous crimson to redeem an out-
raged brother?

The histories coming after will not reckon the price too
dear,
When this crushed and weakened sister in development
shall appear;
When Africa—Prism Donna—moves along political stages,
A single queen, whose glory is the promise of future ages;
In the noon of the dawning cycles, when the sword shall
leave the sheath
To be changed to a pruning-hook,—when God shall braid
his national wreath.

America, Europe, Asia, all as leaves and twigs, must enter;
But Africa as the glorious flower whose rich bloom crowns
the centre.
Or she shall sit as a star, with a light that is all her own,
With beam magnetic attracting the compass of State and
Throne;
While every kin, descendant, and tribe of the power that
bowed her,
Each at a limit respectful, in awe shall circle 'round her.
And she, the bruised and the smitten, borne down with fet-
ter and thong,
Shall be the Corymbes leading on the world's grand
song;
And the nations shall walk demurely, their separate voices
hushing,
To hear Earth's new soprano in a river of music gushing.

Have we nothing noble to die for, ye nations over the sea?
Will ye call it inglorious, when Africa shall be free?
Ah, no! ye will give us place over green in heroic story,
And strain to attain the summit of a like, useless glory.

For the Liberator.

ALL 'BOUT DE PRESIDENT.

No matter what dem fellers say,
Dem pollician gent,
I guess de peoples had dere way
About de President!
Ole Feder Linkum take de lead,
In spite of traitor din;
He ob dat creder kin ob breed
Dat allers bound to win.
He is, and he hab ober bin,
All dat a man should be;
And derefore all de loyal men
Will gib dere votes for he.
Some say dey vote for General Grant,
Because he fight so nice;
And General Banks, or gards avant
In Texas, for dere vice;
Dat nonsense all de General Grant
Hab work in Tennessee;
And General Banks de people want
For duty where he be.
Some nudder time de General Grant
And Banks be in de van;
But now de tried man who want—
Ole Feder Abe de man.

I make my mind some time ago,
And neber hab repeat,

THE LIBERATOR

Best way to punish rebel foe,
STAND BY DE PRESIDENT!
When all de Traitors curse him hard,
And call him wicked name,
He just de man to be on guard—
Dat Butler, too, de same.
Between dem boff de rebel foe
All hopes to win de day,
And hab no sadder way to choose
But hang, or run away.
Not hang dem poor white sullen boys—
Most on um know no more
Dan little chile dat play wid toys,
What dey be fighting for.
But hang dere guilty leaders—dose
Who drag dem out to fight;
And gib dere carcass to de crows—
Den ebery ting go right.
By my opinion—speck I err,
I're right to speak for oes—
De Darkie and Ferloister
Knows more dan one alone. OLD COPY.

The Liberator.

[Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1864,
by CHARLES H. PEARSON, in the Clerk's Office of the
District Court of Massachusetts.]

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON,
Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LELIA IN THE CONVENT.

When the imposing walls of the Convent rose be-
fore Lelia, it was as if she had been dreaming. Could
it be that she, off to light-hearted and happy, was now
to be a recluse? How would she like this self-denying
life? how bear the various mortifications and penan-
ces to which she must inevitably be subject? These
and other like questions filled her mind with fore-
bodings as the high gates swung open, and the car-
riage drove up to a flight of steps. In the dim
twilight the large edifice was magnificent, and wore a
more sombre grandeur, and she shrank from entering
its precincts: it seemed to her so spectral and tomb-
like. The Superiora noticed her depression, and
rightly interpreting the cause, kindly told her that she
might have her room assigned her directly, before the
evening meal, as no duty would be required of her
that night. Lelia felt relieved when the ceremony of
introduction was gone through with. There were
sister Rose, and sister Mary, and sister Sophia,
and so on, until thirty were enumerated. Lelia was
presented as sister Ruth.

Everything was so new and strange, so unlike what
she had seen, that Lelia gave her eyes more license
than was seemly. She thought mayhap the sisters
might deem it sinful, for they walked demure and
grave, with downcast eyes. "How can I ever learn
to be a nun?" rose involuntarily, as she saw their
studied repose of manner. And their dress—black,
cumbersome and forbidding—she could not at once
get reconciled to. The Lady Superior was quite
a study, as she had never seen their religious costume.
A quaker-like bonnet was covered with a black bon-
net, and fitted in front, and hanging loosely
over the shoulders. A band of snowy linen passed
under the chin, being fastened within the bonnet, and
entirely hiding the hair. Beneath the shawl was a
circular cape and wide linen collar, which added to
the antique effect. The dress was of the same ma-
terial as the shawl—full and flowing, with belt instead
of bodice, and distinguished from the common nun's
attire by a sweeping train. A costly cross was sus-
pended from her neck.

The Abbess exhibited much interest in the new
comer. From the first, struck with her intelligence
and beauty, she sought to make her early impressions
of the nun as prepossessing as possible. While
Lelia's room was preparing, she directed sister Sophia
to show her some parts of her new home. She first
took her to the chapel, occupying one of the wings.
The vestal lamp was burning, and in the shadow
light everything looked magical and weird. Lelia
started back as she entered. On a "kneeler" near
the door was what seemed to be the statue of a nun.
Prayer-book in hand, with no motion or semblance of
life, it was some moments ere Lelia could divine if
indeed it was a living, breathing being. It was one
of the sisters at prayer, doing penance. A solemn
awe filled the place. As they passed the altar, sister
Sophia knelt reverently, and kissed the crucifix.
Elegantly framed pictures of saints looked down from
the walls, their eyes fixed and glassy, and they ap-
peared to follow the worshippers about, as if to guard
their ways. Lelia felt constrained in their presence,
so life-like did they seem. She instinctively rendered
them the homage of a profound veneration. Venera-
ble men and women there were among them, pilgrims
who came late to their graves, like the shock of corn
fully ripe.

"Oh, what a place to pray!" whispered Lelia to
her new friend. The unbroken stillness, the shaded
light, the gorgeously furnished altar, the "cloud of
witnesses," all conspired to arouse devotion. The
stranger felt her prejudices giving way. Tears flowed
freely as she thought of the religious tone of the
institution that had befriended her.

They lingered some time in the chapel, and when
they turned to go, they knelt the motionless nun,
still holding the prayer-book before her eyes, as stan-
equae as when they entered. She was pale and wan,
and the new guest felt like putting her arm about
her, and coaxing her to some warm room, and per-
suing her to eat. All that night the vision of this
religieuse haunted her; she wondered if she spent the
night thus, and if she would not perish before the
dawn.

As they returned to the sitting-room, they found the
family of sisters ranged by the long work-table that
extended through it. Each one sat in her appointed
place, and before her was the neat work-box that held
her embroidery. The Superiora sat at the head,
and Lelia observed that her box was more elegant
than the rest. As the sisters plied their needles, the
Mother instructed them in their faith. She was an
interesting speaker, often eloquent; and if any of the
nuns were ignorant on points essential, it certainly
was not her fault.

The hour for prayer came, and in procession, slow
and measured, they went to the chapel to engage in
the evening devotions.
Sister Sophia begged the Lady Superior to allow
Lelia to share her room. This she graciously grant-
ed, and the two retired arm in arm, discussing in low
tones of the wondrous themes that inspired the con-
versation of the Abbess, whose mind, like the main-
spring, moved all subject to its influence.

Months passed, and Lelia had become far better ac-
quainted with the nuns. In addition to the religious
instructions of the Lady Superior, she had listened
to the instructions of father Pierre. Her health had
suffered from her sedentary habits as well as from
her late trials, and she had lost in freshness of color
and vivacity of manner; and often there would come
irrespressible longings for a different life. She grew
gloomy and depressed. In vain she regarded her
sires for liberty as sinful temptations—in vain her fast-
ing, and doing various other penances, to overcome
them—they would rally, and return with reinforce-
ments. The conflict was terrible, and her soul was
torn with conflicting emotions.

She had been introduced to the little community
under an assumed name; and as she was not allowed
the privilege granted some of the sisters, of visiting
the sick and instructing in the orphan school con-
nected with the establishment, she was never seen by
visitors.

With so much leisure for thought, Lelia's brain be-
came morbidly busy. At times, dark fancies came

over her, and in the depths of the gloom she longed
for death. It was even whispered in her soul—dead-
ful deed—to put an end to her own life! Then came
up the loved image of little Willie, and life was sweet
for his sake. She then had recourse to prayer, and
aroused herself to more diligence in her avocations.
Music was her only amusement, and she still made
great proficiency in this noble science. Sometimes
engaged in making garments, Dorcas-like, the
Abbess would invite her to play. She had the strange
power of speaking the plaintive imaginings, the high
poetical conceptions of her heart, through the instru-
ment; and seldom did she rise from the piano till all
who had souls to listen were suffused with tears.

A gross and sinister looking priest, the very op-
posite of father Pierre, sometimes took his place in
officiating at the convent. Lelia being most remarka-
ble for beauty soon attracted his attention; and he often
fixed his serpent-like eye on her, in undiminished
admiration. She had now, if not before, real cause of
unhappiness. In her studies she had to avoid him,
and the horrible things she had ever read or heard of
"wolves" in "sheep's clothing" came vividly to
mind, and she dared not meet him alone at the con-
fessional. She had ever some earnest excuse; and
finally, father O'Brien getting very angry, complained
to the Mother Superior, who blandly assured him that
he must be mistaken; that sister Ruth, she doubted not,
would soon confess to him as to father Pierre. At all
events, she added, the sister should confess next morn-
ing. Lelia was informed of this arrangement, but
when the time came was really unable to leave her
room. A shuddering fear of evil, a sickening terror,
working on her sensitive nature, had made her quite
ill. She was excused from necessity, but informed
authoritatively that she must attend confession as soon
as possible. Father Pierre was absent on a journey,
and she must not neglect duty, and lose the blessing
on that account.

In a few days Lelia was better, but just as averse
to obedience as ever. The Lady Superior reprimand-
ed her severely, and imposed a painful penance—tell-
ing her that she should increase it every day until she
returned to her senses, and confessed to father O'Brien.
And why do you object?" asked the Abbess. Le-
lia wearily expressed her aversion to the priest.
"What a silly fancy is this!" exclaimed the Lady.
"What nonsense fills your head! But you cannot be
excused"—and the uniformly calm and self-possessed
Lady became tempestuous with anger. Lelia shrank
away from her, like the delicate flower before the tem-
pest; but, alas! the storm was not soon to abate.

"The young sister had resisted authority—had tramp-
ed on things held sacred—was a subject for discipline
—must be made to yield!" So said the priest.
A succession of mortifications and penances was im-
posed, designed to "crush her pride," and make sub-
servient that troublesome thing, the will—but to little
seeming purpose. She went through with the pre-
scribed forms, endured the penalties, but still dreaded
the confessional. She spent hours and hours kneeling
on the cold stone-pavement of the chapel; she was up
before the dawn, industriously saying her accumulated
quota of prayers; but it was of no avail—she was
unwilling to confess until the return of father Pierre.
Meanwhile, the frowns that clouded the Superior's
brow were terrific; it required no little moral courage
to brave them; and what added not a little to poor
Lelia's trial was that most of the sisters likewise
frowned on her. She was quite sure the black-veil
nuns were shocked at her course; but good sister So-
phia, a novice like herself, pitied her, and said she
did just right—low whispering in her ears, lest the
black-veil trial was too much, and again she was
ill—so that the Lady Superior relaxed her disci-
pline, and not only allowed her the comfort of her
room, but the attendance of sister Sophia, which was
a great relief. As the invalid began to convalesce,
the two exchanged thoughts more freely than they
had ventured before.

Their chamber overlooked the garden, and it was
pleasant to gaze on the neatly kept shrubbery—the
walks so well laid out and bordered with box,—the
flowers and trees. But the garden was small compar-
ed with Powhatan, and did not boast a solitary arbor.
Lelia made this unfavorable comparison soon after
her arrival, and at once the regular airings she took
with her companions, walking in staid procession,
were tedious; and returning to her apartment, she
would longingly look from her window on the green
glades and groves, and wonder if she would visit them
again. If discontented then, how much more so now!

Sister Sophia was deeply grieved and shocked when
she found she was unhappy; yet her heart beat re-
sponsively. Gradually, and in the most guarded man-
ner, they opened their hearts to each other.
"I am so glad I am plain," Sophia on one occasion
whispered with her arms about Lelia's neck; "it is
your fatal beauty that has saddened father O'Brien.
I am afraid he isn't good, sister Ruth; and I'd do
just as you do about meeting him at confession, if I
did not for this."

"Oh," replied Lelia, with a shudder, "did you ever
see such eyes? I dread them more than the Lady
Superior's dark brow. Oh, what shall I do? What
shall I do?" and she wrung her hands in the agony
of her distress.

"Indeed, I do not know," rejoined Sophia, burst-
ing into tears, "but do not mourn so, dear sister Ruth!
We will pray to God, directly to God, and he will de-
liver you. It seems as if the saints would be in the
way; I must pray to God for you."

"Oh, that we would interpose for us!" fervently
said Lelia; "oh, that we might make Him our
refuge in this evil time!"

"That dreadful Maynooth priest!" exclaimed So-
phia. "I would never confess to him. How I wish
father Pierre would come."
"It was a favor I did not expect for the Superior to
abate my penances for a time," said Lelia.
"She acted wisely," replied Sophia. "She is an-
xious to have us take the black veil, which we shall
not be likely to do voluntarily, if treated too severely."

"Yes," said Lelia, "she has often urged me to
take the step of a full consecration, as she terms it.
But once, when she was eloquently describing on the
blissfulness of a life devoted to acts of mercy and self-
denial, I caught sister Rose—one of the black-veil
sisters—looking earnestly on me. And, oh, such a look!
it follows me yet. It seemed to say, 'Beware! beware!
take not the irrevocable vow!'"

"Poor sister Rose!" said Sophia, "how pale and
sad she looks! And the Lady Superior always com-
mends her prolonged fastings and self-imposed pen-
ances, when they are killing her. She grows weaker
every day; she can scarcely mount the stairs. How
dreadful to see her dying so young!"

"Do you think she wishes to live?" asked Lelia.

"I do not see how she can," replied Sophia, mourn-
fully; "I have good reasons for knowing that she ab-
hors her convent life, much as she punishes herself
for this sinfulness. Her horrified, ghastly looks at
times scare me."

"But," said Lelia, "the term of our novitiate is
fast drawing to its close. I see nothing before us, as
events move, but the dreaded veil—the pall of death!"

The two were silent for some time, as if overcome
by the thought.

"Is there no help for us no help?" at length asked
Sophia. "Must we spend our lives within these
walls, shut out from all that is bright and beautiful?
Look, sister Ruth, see how glorious the fields and
groves are! Oh, for one more ramble among them!"

"Are not such longings wicked?" asked Lelia,
doubtfully. "The instructions of father Pierre, re-
specting the sanctity of the religious life, seem right;
and I am not quite sure that we do not commit sin in
turning again to the world."

"I love good father Pierre," replied Sophia, "and
I believe his teachings are mainly correct. But he
said it was designed that some persons, not all, should
ascend themselves from the world, and give their at-
tention to the duties of religion. But what right would
he have to say that it is a duty required of you and

me? It seems to me we should judge for ourselves on
so important a point."

"But how dreadful the maledictions of the church,"
said Lelia, "if, as the Lady Superior expresses it, we
'turn from the holy commandment delivered to us,' to the
'beggarly elements'! We shall be blighted with
curses! Oh, I would not think of it, were it not
that I so much dread father O'Brien!"

"I have heard the Abbess talk much longer than
yourself," rejoined Sophia, "and have become hard-
ened to some of her sayings, knowing that they are in
the regular course of training novitiate. The pro-
cess is to coax and frighten by turns. I've struggled
with such doubts as yours, and I've prayed. Oh, sis-
ter Ruth, I do trust I have prayed through the 'one
Mediator,' Jesus, and from him alone I get peace!"
and tears of happy emotions glistened on her cheeks.
"My mother died abroad," she added at length;
"and although she died when I was an infant, I feel
that her prayers follow me. Her grave is among the
Blue Ridge mountains, sister Ruth, where I used
to live. I often visited her resting-place—a holy spot
to me, with the vine-clad trees bent mournfully over
it, and the sweetest flowers loved best to bloom there.
I used to take my work, and sit, and muse, and sing
in low tones for hours. Oh, how I long to see my
mother's grave once more!"

"I wish you could," said Lelia.
"My father died abroad," continued Sophia, "and
I never could visit his burial-place;—this made my
mother's more dear. Oh, how I have clung to it! I
was left an orphan very young, in the care of my
mother's brother, who was my guardian. The scenery
about his place was lovely and grand, and I lived
out of doors in the sunny hours. I learned skill in
the use of the bow and arrow; and never did Indian
girl climb those mountains or thread the wild forest
more lightly than I. O, the strange joy I felt in the
dim old woods, hazy with the moss of centuries!
The memory of it thrills me, like the voice of one I
love. You wonder that I am here. At length, unde-
cided that I must be educated. It was quite time I
quit breaking coils, he said; and he doubted if I could
be tamed and civilized in any place so well as in a
nunnery. In vain were my objections; I was obliged to
yield to his wishes. But I tell you, sister Ruth,
much as I loved my old home, the brooks, and the
quiet garden nooks studded with sweet briar, I left
them all with less regret than my mother's grave. Oh,
it seems as if it were unfeeling to forsake it! I ought
to have my dwelling near that sacred place."

The room-mates were congenial, and often found
moments to sympathize and advise with each other.
Lelia gradually recovered, and the matter of confess-
ing to father O'Brien was dropped for the present.
Her studies, as well as Sophia's, were laid out on
the assumption that she was soon to take the black-veil;
and although agonized at the thought of such a fate,
yet they carefully suppressed their feelings, and the
Lady Superior flattered herself they were "free-will
offerings."

Lelia's sufferings were intense. If she remained in
the convent, she must inevitably take the black-veil;
if she left it, she might be seized as a slave. Day and
night she pondered what to do. Oh, if she could only
apply to Mrs. Brownlee for direction! But she was
entirely shut out from all confidential communication
with her. She found, on inquiring of the Lady Super-
ior, that her dear instructress had indeed written sev-
eral times; but as there was nothing of interest to Le-
lia, she had not deemed it advisable to mention the
reception of the letters. If Lelia wrote Mrs. Brownlee,
it must first be read by the Lady Superior, and not a
breath could she breathe of her troubles. She begged
the Lady to allow her to see and kiss the dear hand-
writing, but she was repulsed with the assertion that
she had her heart drawn towards earthly works. It
was her duty to forget Mrs. Brownlee, and she was
forbidden to mention her name.

"Do you ever write your friends?" asked Lelia of
Sophia.
"Very seldom," replied Sophia; "I have but few,
to tell the truth, and my uncle, who claims to be my
best friend, would not receive one word of complaint
from me. And why should he, if, as I suppose, he
made me a nun that he might take possession of my
fortune?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Lelia; "how could he
do such a deed?"

"Oh, this is a convenient mode of disposing of me,
and avoiding the charge of murder. But it seems to
me a perpetual murder. It is literally being buried
alive," said Sophia, bitterly.
As time went on, they were plied with religious
tasks and observances perfectly Herculean. They
went through them mechanically and guardedly, for
they had finally decided to attempt escape. It matter-
ed not what their employment—their thoughts were
full of this great undertaking. If once free, they hoped
to maintain themselves by teaching.

But escape was no trifling achievement. The con-
vent buildings were enclosed by a wall, high and mas-
sive, and the front door was ever locked. For long
weeks they labored in vain to devise some method of
flight that promised the least hope of success. At
length, however, the examination week came, and the
first day of this season father Pierre and other divines
arrived, and were to dine in the convent hall. Lelia
and Sophia were aware that the front-door would be
unlocked during dinner. The former feigned illness,
and the latter begged permission to be absent from the
table to attend her, which request was readily granted.

As soon as the household were seated, and the din-
ner had commenced, the two friends, taking the
light ladder that led to the scullery, noiselessly stole
down stairs, out the street door, and scaling the wall,
were quickly in the highway. They now ran for
dear life, scarce knowing whither, but had proceeded
only half a mile when they were appalled by hearing
the rumbling of wheels behind them.
"Oh, we are discovered! What shall we do?" ex-
claimed Sophia, sinking to the earth in terror. Le-
lia, more self-possessed, stopped beside her, and, turn-
ing to see who the pursuer was, to her great joy
found it was only a common hackman. She hailed
him, and the two stepping into his vehicle, Sophia
bade the driver take them to No. — Street — Wash-
ington, where lived her cousin. She had agreed with
Lelia to spend the night there, and take the cars for
Philadelphia the next day.

There was something in the runaway air of the
young ladies that aroused the curiosity of the driver.
He knew from their dress that they were nuns, but
this only served as an incentive to comply with their
bidding, and drive furiously. They had already two
miles to go, when a gentleman stopped the hack, to be
taken to Gadsby's Hotel, Washington. In a short
time, the carriage drew up before the establishment,
and the gentleman said to the driver,—
"Just step in, driver, before I get out, and inquire
if Hon. Hugh Nelson is stopping here."
"He is now going in to dinner," replied the hack-
man.

A dinner came over Lelia's eyes as she felt that
all hope of escape was lost.

The driver left the steps, and at the same time
spoke to Mr. Nelson, informing him that some one in
the hack wished to see him. Mr. Nelson stepped out
and looked in. The stranger had arisen to get out, but
the keen eyes of the former met the averted face of
Lelia, and he exclaimed,—
"Bless my soul! How's this? Do my eyes de-
ceive me? No! It is my lost Lelia!"—and he
was almost wild with joy.

Quickly recovering himself, he turned to the aston-
ished gentleman, and told him that he would see him
another time; and directing a servant to bring his
trunk from his room, stepped into the coach, saying
kindly to Lelia, who was weeping, that he would ac-
company her directly home to Powhatan. He then
ordered the driver to take them to the steamer lying
in the Potomac, shortly to leave for Alexandria. On
the way to the boat, the hackman left Sophia, as di-
rected, at her relative's door.

Mr. Nelson was touched as he saw Lelia still weep.

ing, and tenderly sought to soothe her, assuring her
that no harm should befall her—she should be mistress
of Powhatan, and do as she pleased. Nevertheless,
the spirit-crushing thought, that she was in very deed
a slave, came over her in all its bitterness. How
dread the prospect before her! She almost longed to
be safely back in the convent.

REMINISCENCE OF GEORGE THOMPSON'S
FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

LETTER FROM MRS. CHILD.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard:

The return of George Thompson to our shores
wakens a host of slumbering recollections within
me. I wish I could hope to be ever again so much
excited and lifted up with grand emotions, as I was
on that spirit stirring occasion, thirty years ago.
But that cannot be. Even if Mr. Thompson's power
is undiminished by time, something has gone from
myself in the course of those thirty years of
hope long-deferred. A man cannot read the Arabian
Nights, or Robinson Crusoe, with the same zest
with which he devoured them as a boy; and I can test-
ify, from experience, that a heart which has been cut,
and bruised, and trampled on, by the experiences of
sixty years, cannot thrill over the pages of Waverley
and Ivanhoe as it did when only a score of winters
had engraved their memories there.

I count it a glorious privilege to have lived, and
been in my prime, when George Thompson went
lecturing about the country;—as an admiring
farmer expressed it. I never till then heard any-
thing which came up to my idea of genuine elo-
quence. I heard Webster and Wirt in a great con-
troversy, when it was said they had both lost their
best powers. Webster made magnificent points,
and impressed me as an intellectual giant, not over-
scrupulous how he used his strength. Wirt attract-
ed me greatly by the gracefulness of his language,
and the richness of allusion which showed how the
waves of literature had flowed over and fertilized
his mind. Everett I also heard in my youth, years
before he elicited that keen sarcasm from John
Randolph for defending Slavery in the Hall of Con-
gress. It was years before I had thought anything
about that "vexed question," and so far from hav-
ing his name unpleasantly associated in my mind, I
went with eager expectation to hear the man who was
reputed the greatest orator of the day. He has since
been called "the king of rhetoric," and the phrase
precisely describes the impression he then made upon
me. The smooth gliding of the words was pleas-
ant to the ear, but not one of them reached my
heart, or stirred my mind. I was content with the
music which I had been entertained with garland-
ed with flowers, and the matter of the discus-
sion was left to the cold logic of the law. Alluding
to the approaching festival on Bunker Hill, where
Mr. Everett and Mr. Mason of Virginia, author of
the Fugitive Slave Bill, were to declaim their
pieces in praise of liberty, Mr. Parker said: "Next
week, there will be heard upon Bunker Hill that
most foolish of all noises—the human voice when
it means nothing, comes from nowhere, and goes to
the place it came from."

Not so with George Thompson. His unstudied
utterance welled up from the depths of his large,
warm heart, and therefore went directly to the
hearts of those he addressed. His power was per-
haps even greater, though in a different way, over
those who were prejudiced against his principles,
than it was over those who were friendly to him.
He went electrifying round the country, while he
was "lecturizing," and as he rubbed the fire
wrong way on the domesticated wild-cat, which our
public speakers were accustomed to pat and stroke
so tenderly, he made the sparks fly in a remarkable
manner.

He was present in Julian Hall, Boston, on the 1st
of August, 1835, when he delivered an address in
commemoration of the first anniversary of British
Emancipation. There were usually many South-
erners in the city at that season of the year; and
rumors were afloat that they were drilling a mob to
go and assault the speaker.

Mr. Thompson, and carry him to the South,
where they could lynch him more thoroughly than
they could venture to do even in the city of Bos-
ton, then so loyal to the slaveholding interest. I
had been in the Hall but a short time when it be-
gan to be filled rapidly with haughty looking men in
fine broadcloth, accompanied by a retinue of truckmen,
and the crowd rolled about the elbow, and hand-
ed armed with clubs and large horsewhips. Mr. Thomp-
son showed no sign of being intimidated. On the
contrary, he poured forth a lava-torrent of eloquence
more scorching than I ever heard before, or since.
He spoke of Slavery as a system of brute force, dis-
regardful to go enlighten nations, and to nations pro-
fessing Christianity; a system which betrayed its
weakness by resorting to bludgeons as its only wea-
pons against rational arguments.

I watched the slaveholders who were present, and
never have I seen countenances so expressive of rage.
Their teeth were firmly set, and their hands clenched.
Now and then, signals passed between them and their
attendant truckmen, and not a few muttered orders
were heard. "Damn you!" exclaimed one, "if we
had you down South, we'd cut off your ears." Mr.
Thompson paused, looked calmly toward the place
whence the voice proceeded, and replied, "If you did,
sir, I would still call out, 'He that taketh care of his
heart, let him hear'; and they would respect the brave man
in their hearts, for they sat and listened as if spell-bound,
though with clenched fists and occasional ejacula-
tions of 'Damn the Englishmen!' Mr. Thompson
took the passionate oath for a text, whence he de-
rived the lesson that it was slavery which was